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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1909.

Elkins' Vigorous Protest.

If "the true use of speech is not so
much to express our wants as to conceal
them," as Goldsmith observed, then Sen-
ator Elkins did not make true use of
speech in addressing his colleagues on
Monday. But certainly he made effective
use of it. He expressed his wants, or
rather the wants of his section. He
concealed nothing. He was not in the role
of a dissembler. He had something on
his mind, and he freed his mind of it.

In a plain, matter-of-fact, businesslike
manner he frankly told the Senate that
the South was not getting a square deal;
that New England was arrogating to it-
self the right to frame tariff legislation,
as well as otherwise to conduct the af-
fairs of the Senate, and he, therefore,
entered a protest—not a mild, perfunctory
protest, carrying no weight, but a ringing,
vigorous protest that made itself felt
at the time and undoubtedly left an
impression.

Good for the West Virginian!

It was the sort of thing we like—a dis-
play of courage and independence and
plain speaking that commended itself to
us through and through. We should be
pleased to see and hear frequent displays
of the same character from high Sena-
torial quarters. We believe it would do
the Senate good. Not that we disap-
prove the adroit and able New England-
ers who are wont to take things in their
own hands. On the contrary, we admire
and esteem them greatly. But, while
ready to admit that our destinies thus
repose in capable and trusty hands,
we cannot help losing to some extent our
admiration, if not our esteem, for the
Senate itself when we find it com-
mitting itself altogether into the keeping
of a group of statesmen from any section
of this glorious republic. The situation
would not be modified in the least if
the particular group of statesmen happened
to be from the West or South instead of
New England.

Hence it is, we applaud Senator Elkins'
utterance. He had a good case. It was a
word in season, well spoken; and not only
his own State, but the whole South,
stands to profit by his plain speech. We
see in the episode no sign of insurrection.
The Senator is a regular ever, an in-
surgent never. But with such a voice as
his crying and protesting in the wilder-
ness, who knows but that it will be
given heed? Even an oligarchy has ears
to hear.

All of which, with our compliments to
the West Virginian, we submit—with re-
newed assurance of our respect and con-
sideration for the New Englanders who
would make the laws for us.

A bill has been introduced in Congress
to reduce Southern representation in the
House. An old, familiar legislative scuf-
faw that does not now get even a guff-
aw from the galleries.

England's Fear of Germany.

Sir Edward Grey's frank admission in
the House of Commons that the naval sit-
uation is of the most serious character
will hardly tend to abate the fright which
has overtaken our British cousins over
the unexpectedly rapid rise of German
sea-power. While the vote of confidence
sustained the present programme of
building four Dreadnoughts instead of
eight, as is demanded by the extreme fac-
tion of naval expansionists, it is evident
that the Liberals, no less than the Unions-
ists, are infected by the naval scare, and
that they will adhere to the policy of
maintaining British naval superiority,
even though it lead to national bankrup-
cy. It is a position from which there
appears no escape, unless the British peo-
ple are prepared to run the risk of naval
inferiority—a risk fraught with the gravest
perils, if we may believe those who
set down Germany as a traditional enemy.

That the naval scare is something more
than mere hysteria may be guessed from
the remarkable conversion of Frederick
Harrison, who has been for forty years a
strenuous opponent of imperialism and
militarism. In a letter to the London
Times he declares that "to talk of friend-
ly relations with Germany is childish."

He avers that thirst for military glory
has been the animating spirit of German
aggression, and points out the immense
danger to England of a foreign invasion,
which, though conceivably remote, is yet
not so impossible that it can be dismissed
as negligible. He confesses that the
strain of keeping a navy up to the two-
power standard will ultimately break
down the national finances, if it has not
already done so. As an alternative he
turns to the formation of an adequate
land defense—the creation of a great home
army by volunteering and conscription.
To this pass has come a veteran ad-
vocate of peace and all her ways.

But national safety is the supreme law.
"How idle," says Mr. Harrison, "are the
words about retrenchment, peace, and
brotherhood while we lie open to the
risk of unutterable ruin, to a deadly fight
for national existence, and to war in its
most destructive and cruel form." These

are real fears, however fanciful they may
seem on this side of the water. Is there
no way of banishing them, short of
frivolous expenditures on army and navy
to maintain a preponderant military situ-
ation in the Eastern hemisphere? To
acknowledge that there is not seems al-
most to confess the failure of our civiliza-
tion.

Down in sunny Tennessee, citizens al-
ways think twice before shooting the edi-
tor, nowadays.

What Is Love?

Naturally, the inquisitive headline
adorning this dissertation calls to mind
the wise and otherwise Ohio State Jour-
nal. That remarkably erudite engine of
uplift knows all about love, as, of course,
it likewise knows all about everything
else. As an infallible bureau of informa-
tion and dispenser thereof, it has but
one peer in all this land of the free and
home of the brave—the Charlotte Ob-
server. But let that pass. Here is what
the Ohio State Journal says of love:

"Love is a matter of logic. It is a major
premise and a conclusion. It is a general
proposition, a special application, and an ego."

Oh, it is, is it? And what in the name
of common sense is that, anyway? "Love
is a matter of logic," indeed! Go to; also
tush, tush! As well say playing the races
or speculating in cotton futures is a mat-
ter of logic. Love is logical in that you
never can tell what is going to happen
within the sphere of its activity, but in
nothing more. Where is the youth worth
while who would take to the woods and
dwell with solitude the while he endeav-
ors to diagram the thing he feels flutter-
ing within him and thinks may be love.
As for the girls—

"They could think, and think, and think,
Till their brains were numb."

We don't care what teachers say—
They could not do that sum!"

Which is pretty poor poetry, to be sure,
but it is the way the song runs, and it
fits our necessities in this emergency.

Peruse this further specimen of Ohio
State Journal mind-wandering, kindly:

"Falling in love is not precisely the thing to
do. Falling gives one an idea of stumbling, which
is never to be regarded as a graceful or sensible
thing. Instead of falling into love, a person should
approach it gradually. Just at the very point
when he is beginning to lose his balance, he should
stop and consider. He should ask himself, who is
she, what is she, is this charm real, is it all
superficial, will she stand a misfortune, is she a real
gem or only paste-and such questions he should
ask around in his mind as he approaches the
chick of the dandelion's heart to see if it is worth
tackling."

We do not want to be rude or make
unpleasant suggestions, but if that is the
way they fall in love out Ohio way, we
wonder what golden promise the ap-
proaching springtime holds for youth out
there, anyhow. It may be theoretically
right to "stop and consider" when you
begin to suspect you have been fatally
smitten with some particular female's
charms, but it would be decidedly awk-
ward to have some other less methodical
and mathematical fellow step in and get
the girl while you were trying to figure
it all out. Who wants to take a chance
on that? Nobody in this neighborhood.
And the sweetest girls would not bother
with a slow-poke of that persuasion. The
chances are he would get a lemon for all
his pains, in the end.

What is love? We do not know, and we
are not worrying. It is as old as the
hills, and as young as laughter and song.

"And whence comes love?
Like morning's light, love comes without thy call.
And how does love?
A soft bright, love never dies at all."

As some Scotch poet puts it:

"Love, love, love. Love is like a wilderness;
It is not a poor body gang about his business."
Is that a matter of logic—or a logical
thing? Not at all. It is just love.

Since it is insisted that a big navy's
ultimate object would be entirely pacif-
ic, why not supply our new battle ships
with such names as "Peacemaker,"
"Olive Branch," "Soft Answer," and so on.

Conditions Versus Theory.

On several occasions we have comment-
ed on the decline of low tariff sentiment
in the South, and the consequent weaken-
ing of the forces arrayed against the ex-
treme protective policy for which the Re-
publican party has contended in recent
years. But for this changing opinion the
South might by a combination with the
low-tariff Republicans of the Middle
West secure some important modifica-
tions in the Payne bill, at least in the
House. It is precisely such a combina-
tion that is most feared by the majority,
and which the Republican leaders are try-
ing to avert. They will doubtless succeed,
for there is not much heart and con-
sistency in Democratic opposition to pro-
tective duties. Probably Senator Elkins
voiced much latent Southern opinion when
he said that the South was being dis-
criminated against in tariff legislation,
which simply means that Southern indus-
tries are not getting the amount of
protection those engaged in them would
like. So strong is this view, and so well
able to make an impression on individual
members of Congress that, whatever
theoretical objections may be offered by
Southern statesmen to a protective tariff
in general, they will not omit any oppor-
tunity of improving the industrial pros-
perity of their section so far as the
tariff may have any bearing upon it.
An incident told in the New York Tribune
will serve to illustrate what is going
on in the South and the relation of public
opinion to the political convictions of
Southern Representatives in Congress:

"In the presence of a newspaper correspond-
ent from his home State the Southern Senator had
a discussion with one of his Northern colleagues on
the benefits of free trade as distinguished from pro-
tection. 'Oh, you're for protection just as much as
I am,' said the Northern Senator. 'Why, you are
a protective duty on lumber.' The Southern
denied this, and said he would willingly vote for
free lumber. The newspaper correspondent sent
this interesting news to his paper, and in less
than twenty-four hours after it was printed the
Southern Senator began to hear from his constitu-
ents. A few of them wrote him letters, but most
of them telegraphed. They wanted to know what
he meant, and said they felt sure he had been
misquoted. The newspaper correspondent was called
to account by the Senator for sending the story.
The Senator explained that he was merely talking
politeness with a Senator of the opposite political
party, and that he had no intention of striking a
blow at his home industry."

In some instances the irrefutation of
private opinion based on theoretical con-
siderations, but held as the conviction of
a lifetime, to the growing protective senti-
ment of the industrial South is pathetic.
Statesmen who have stood for what they
conceived to be the traditional opinion of
their neighborhoods have found them-

selves out of alignment with the new
order of things and confronted with the
alternative of bowing down to some par-
ticular idol of protection or facing the
possibility of losing place and power. In
a lesser degree, the situation resembles
that of the free silver mania, which car-
ried all before it, leaving the old and
tried political leaders either stranded by
defeat or unwilling converts to the popu-
lar fancy of the day. There are men to-
day who still believe, theoretically, in
free silver, but are happy enough under a
gold standard; just as there are plenty
of men who are theoretically for a low
tariff, but keen enough to demand that
what protection there is, or is bound to
be, shall be stretched to cover the in-
dustries of their own vicinage. Fortu-
nately for them, the tariff is full enough
of controversial points to enable each
to enjoy a pet aversion squaring with his
theory, while raking in the particular
item of protection that his constituents
want.

There are rumors more or less dis-
turbance to some people, too, to the effect
that Mr. Taft does not think the Payne
tariff bill is moving along lines of con-
struction parallel with Republican cam-
paign promises, the same being not al-
together pleasing to the White House.

Mr. Roosevelt may find the African big
game "rather tame," as Mr. Estes says,
but the big game will not find Mr. Roose-
velt especially tame, nevertheless.

Another evidence of Japan's backward-
ness and old-fashioned ways is found in
the fact that its statesmen have decided
to cut down the financial outgo in order
to keep within the bounds of the national
income.

Least you forget—Do not kick any hats
you may possibly observe on the side-
walks to-morrow.

Snow on March 30! Another "fare-
back!"

Mr. Taft will have a fine time in Char-
lotte, of course. He will have to swallow
a lot of things about a so-called "Mack-
lenburg Declaration" and Andrew Jack-
son as a native of North Carolina; but,
as bad as that may be, we believe it beats
swallowing possum.

Crazy Snake should remember Oklaho-
ma is a prohibition State.

Senator Elkins seems to think it high
time the New England Senatorial tal-
ent ceased wagging the entire Senatorial dog.

"President Taft has let it leak out from
the White House that he will appoint no
Southern Democrats to offices in Dixie,"
says the St. Louis Star. This, however,
will not discourage the near-Democrats
down there.

"But what does the teeman say when he
gets the plumber's bill?" Inquires the
Johnstown Democrat. Far be it from us
to print it.

"An Annapolis tax would be a good way
to support the government," says the At-
lanta Constitution. No, it would not. It
would all be sworn off.

Mr. Culberson is said to be opposed to
the proposed tariff tax on stockings. How
about shoes—and hides, Senator?

That Ohio minister who denounces
church supports must have been drawing
his salary with clocklike regularity for
many years past.

The Egyptians used benzoin acid in pre-
paring their mummies. We favor feeding
all foods containing benzoin acid of soda
to mummies.

"Tariff for revenue only" is a most
beautiful old-fashioned Democratic doc-
trine that latter-day Democracy appar-
ently seems determined to forget.

The young King of Portugal is de-
scribed as a handsome, lovable, manly
chap, who deserves a good wife and
much happiness. The careless way the
Portuguese have of dealing with royalty
occasionally, however, may give pause to
royal femininity inclined to view the sit-
uation favorably in other respects.

According to the Syracuse Post-Stand-
ard, "the summer girl's waist line is to
be about three inches above the knee."
How ridiculous she will look in her bath-
ing suit!

Success Magazine estimates "our an-
nual rat bill" to be \$16,000,000. And
Congress talking about an increased tax on
dog grooves, too!

London is short on doctors. Good time
to gather health statistics.

"A Mexican lion tried to eat up a
Wall Street banker a few days ago," so
the story goes. Even Mr. Roosevelt
would be reluctant to slay a beast of
such rare discrimination.

If "Pete" knows about that cow, he is
probably glad his White House days are
over.

And, by the bye, Mr. ex-President, "Oh,
be careful of the crocodile."

Child Stealing.

Kidnapping is a crime much more com-
mon here than in England, in the thieves'
slang of which the word has its origin.
It comes, of course, from "kid," slang
for child, and "nap," a variant of "ab,"
meaning to seize. Blackstone's Commen-
taries define it as "the forcible abduction
or stealing away of a man, woman, or
child from their own country, and send-
ing them into another." The common
law of to-day, however, defines it as the
forcible taking of a person out of his way
for any distance.

Imitators Are Few.

From the Philadelphia Record.

It is a pity that Grover Cleveland's
great qualifications as a public official
have found many more admirers than imi-
tators in public life.

THE DREAM-MAN.

Oh, what does the Dream-Man want?
And why does he want his wand?
After where the wondrous land
And what if their light should fall,
Away where the shadows rest?

The moon is beaming and pale—
With only the Dream-Man's eyes
To guide o'er the slender trail
And what if their light should fall,
Away where the shadows rest?

He plays on a wondrous reed,
And deep are the spells he weaves;
In vain may ye kneel and plead—
Who follow the Dream-Man's lead,
And fall by the way he leaves.

He taries his steps for none,
But the gleam of his amber eyes—
Oh, dearly their glance is won—
Is more than the stars and the sun,
And all the light of the skies.

Aloof from the distant sea
And low from a far-off range,
He calls to the end of the day
And plays in an unknown land
A song in a rhythm strange.

—John Ridge, in Atlantic.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE DANCE.

Some dance it out,
Some glance it out—
In quest of partners they,
Some moon it out,
Some spoon it out—
Their thoughts are for away.

Some nap it out,
Some scrap it out—
The married often do,
Some hope it out—
Some mope it out—
Now, in which class are you?

Not All Gloom.

"Into each life some rain must fall."
"Also some sun must shine." That is
what irritates the confirmed pessimist.

A Congressional Fracas.

"Congressman Blank and Congressman
Dash nearly came to blows yesterday.
Took six men to hold 'em apart."

"Must have been serious. Usually four
men suffice to keep 'em from getting at
each other."

His Errand.

"I see a husband has just returned to
his wife after an absence of twenty
years."

"Did he get the sample matched?"

Never Can Tell.

The torquise beat the hare.
The humblest entry there
May gamely run.
To be the finish prove
To be the winner of
A Marathon.

Spring Duties.

"Spring is here."

"Yes," answered the press humorist.
"It's about time they took down the stove-
pipe joke and start the house-cleaning
joke on its rounds."

It Might Please.

"I have an idea for interesting the mat-
inee audiences."

"How, now?"

"They say a woman always reads a
novel backwards. Why not reverse our
play and give the last act first?"

Seen in Spring.

Public sentiment—Holding hands on the
front porch.

WHY MEN FAIL IN BUSINESS.

By Far the Larger Number from
Lack of Capital.

From the Wall Street Journal.

So many men are inclined to attribute
their failure in business to any cause,
but the real one that special interest at-
taches to an array of facts bearing on
the subject published in Bradstreet's.

After pointing out that the failures in
the entire country during the year 1908
numbered 16,944, as against 16,388 in 1907,
the writer, taking those for last year,
classifies the cause of failure as follows:

Lack of capital, 40 per cent.
Incompetence, 25 per cent.
Overcapitalization, 15 per cent.
Lack of business ability, 10 per cent.
Lack of energy, 5 per cent.
Lack of character, 5 per cent.
Lack of opportunity, 5 per cent.
Lack of capital, 40 per cent.

These classifications, it will be noted,
are, in some instances, purely arbitrary,
and overlap one another, but not to an
extent to destroy the impression of the
showing as a whole.

The failures said to have been due to
lack of capital—40 out of every 1,000—
form the most significant feature of the
entire exhibit. The number of failures
more than a third of those who failed in busi-
ness last year owed their misfortune to
lack of working capital, and that they
tried to do more trade than their re-
sources warranted. The enterprises rep-
resented in this compilation included
business concerns of all descriptions, in-
dividual and corporate together with
stock exchange houses, and the figures
graphically illustrated the dangerous
habit of American business men to un-
dertake operations beyond the supporting
power of their available means.

That only eighteen out of every 1,000 of
the failures in 1908 are attributed to com-
petitive conditions, and that more than
respect are far less distressing than a
certain class of agitators would have the
public believe. A far more disquieting
showing is that relating to failures due
to fraud. That 115 out of every 1,000 fail-
ures should have been due to fraud is a
practices denotes a condition of business
morals in which the need of improve-
ment is both large and urgent.

How little the element of gambling, the
bubbling of reformers of certain classes,
operates as a wrecking of business enter-
prises appears in the statement that only
ten out of every 1,000 failures in 1908 were
due to that cause. In the light of these
figures, the "gambling" must be ac-
quitted of many grave charges so un-
frequently made against it, and the last
item in the list, loosely called "specula-
tion," has reference to this.

Mr. Clark's Difficult Job.

From the Providence Journal.

It is easier to find fault with the Dem-
ocratic leadership in the House than it
is to say just what Mr. Clark and his
friends ought to do. A year ago there
was coherent Democratic action when
a large portion of President Roosevelt's
legislative programme was adopted and
a formidable filibuster was organized for
the purpose of bringing the Cannon co-
rerie to terms. This year, in part as the
result of that experience, the Democrats
are promising revolt against the Speaker,
an uprising unquestionably approved by
the country far and wide. It seems as if,
considering the very general dissatisfac-
tion with the old regime, Mr. Clark should
be able to do some means by which
at least to keep the autocrats on their
good behavior. There was a distinct gain
a fortnight ago when the drawn battle
was fought, but from this point further
progress ought to be made. It may be
that Mr. Clark needed some such expe-
rience as the sudden wresting of an un-
qualified triumph from his grasp to fit
him for a more effective leadership in the
future.

Blind to the Signs.

From the Wall Street Journal.

Surely the Republican party is singularly
blind to the signs of the times. They
are laying up magnificent ammunition for
their enemies at the Congressional elec-
tion. They are not playing fair, and they
are forgetting the days have gone by for
that crude favoritism which gave such an
unequal vote to the Dingley tariff law.
It is quite possible that such schedules
as those on women's gloves and stockings
may pass into law, thanks to the selfish
bargaining of individual interests, but if
they do President Taft's administration
will start with an ugly black mark
against it.

Preserving It.

From the Indianapolis News.

When the housecleaning is done we are
in favor of adding to it one-tenth of 1 per
cent, so it will stay done.

Logical Conclusion.

From the New York World.

Taxing the breakfast table means that
there will be fewer breakfast tables to
tax.

Congressional Version.

From the Indianapolis News.

Payne proposes; but do not forget that
Aldrich opposes.

THE CHEERFUL GIVER.

Our village has a goodly man who's fashioned on a princely
plan; he always has his face askew to look for good that he can
do; and when he sees a chance to blow his wealth to comfort those
in woe, he takes some money in his hand, and, followed by the
village band, proceeds toward the widow's cot, where poverty its
worst has wrought. And when the crowd is big enough, and
writers for the Daily Guff are standing near him, pads in hand,
and silent is the awe-struck band, he makes a speech in which he
tells about the happiness that swells within the breasts of those
who heed the poor and needy when they plead. Then, having
bored his audience, he gives the widow twenty cents.

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WASHINGTON CHAT.

By THE SPECTATOR.

President Taft is receiving commenda-
tion on every side as to his official ap-
pointments, which evidence a profound
knowledge of the needs of the public ser-
vice and a deep understanding of charac-
ter and men. So far no appointments
have been made for political service alone,
but every one whom he has chosen is pecu-
liarly fitted for the post to which he
has been named. Too much, indeed, can-
not be said in praise of his ability for
finding the right men for the places in his
gift, to the success of an administration
depends as much on those who serve
under the President as upon the President
himself.

An appointment which meets with gen-
eral approval is that of James T. Du
Bois, of Pennsylvania, for the consul gen-
eral at Singapore. For Mr. Du Bois is
not only an able man, but a tried
and true. He has been in the service of
the United States for nearly thirty
years, and was educated at Ithaca
and at Cornell, taking a course at the
latter university to fit him for journalistic
work, which he has followed only at in-
tervals, when his official duties called
for him. Mr. Du Bois has lived long enough
abroad to master several languages, and
that accomplishment, together with an
agreeable personality and pleasant ad-
vice, has made him an asset to the service
wherever he has been stationed. His new
post is an important one and the society,
mainly made up of English officials and
their families, agreeable.

Mr. Du Bois will replace Thorne
Haynes, whose mother was a Miss Lee,
a daughter of the distinguished Virginia
family of that name, and cousin of Robert
E. Lee. Mr. Haynes is the author of a
popular life of Benjamin Franklin, and
senior Senator from his native State.